The Battle of Clocktower

The night sky over Anjar was peaceful as usual. A few stars were visible next to the crescent moon. A group of clouds patched the space. The decorations for Ram Navami were completed. The vermillion banners, the multicolored lights across the city, the refreshment stands, all were set to commemorate the divine festival. The very next day, the biggest procession is going to pass through out Anjar. Joyful cries, tales of valor and an unending happiness is to be witnessed as the retinue with loud speakers, children in costumes and arrays of decorative tableaus.

I was pretty excited about it myself. Though the same can't said for some people. I won't even need to name them. I set out from my home to cycle. My daily routine. Normally, I am not allowed to cycle that far from the house but festivals are an exception.

Paddling madly to overtake two wheelers was a pretty bad habit of mine. Due to enormous number of breakers and potholes it is quite possible to overtake someone on cycle.

I arrived at my first stop, Chitrakoot circle. Absolutely dangerous for cyclers and even for two wheelers. It was a highway, more specifically by-pass highway circle that allowed one to travel from Gandhidham, Adipur or Anjar to Bhuj and vice versa. Accidents are common given the number of trucks and bus passing via it. But I love to cycle around the circle. It was shrouded in LED lighting from top to bottom, appearing like a

beacon. It is funny how it was named after the place where Shree Ram, Lakshman and Siya lived for 11years and 11months during their exile.

I turned roundabout the circle and headed off the clock tower. The clock tower was built right next to Anjar garden and rang twice a day, 8:30 am and pm. It too was all lit up like the Chitrakoot circle.

As I cycled towards it, I noticed something strange. All the shops were closed. Even for festive season, the shops shouldn't be closed this early. There was a lot of shouting going on. I wondered what commotion was taking place. Knowing the number of accidents, I thought it was one too.

But what I say then was truly horrific. A mob of men, emerging from the Dargah near the garden, were carrying swords, metal pipes, rods and burning wood. This was bad. Very bad. I was still at some distance and with cycle it would be easy to escape.

They were heading towards the ground where the tableaus were kept. They were trying to destroy them. If they are successful then there would be no procession tomorrow. This was terrible. I didn't carry phone with me during the trip. The police station was very far from there. There was not a single soul in sight except for the hooligan mob.

What can I do? After all I am just a kid who is not even 18 yet. My arm strength is below average too. I can't run fast as well.

The safest thing would be to find someone and call the police.

What happened next, even I don't remember clearly. I began paddling on my own. Why?

I went at the highest speed I could achieve and slammed the cycle into the mob. Few tried to evade but I hit the most at the front. Okay, five were down but so was I. I got up as soon as possible and grabbed a sword while doing so.

Now they were angry. Shouting things like 'How dare you? Kill the bloody brat! Allah O Akhbar!!!'

The most important thing now, was to stay alive and halt them as long as possible. Surely someone would pass from here. I was nervous beyond my wits.

Calm down, Calm down, I repeatedly said to myself. Well, they were unexperienced but so was I. The only difference was that I had seen way too many fighting scenes for myself. They weren't going to attack all together.

Another weird aspect of mine. Crowded places turned me on. Not in that sense but it makes me go crazy. Every time I see a crowd, I like to run through them as if they were river of humans and I was slicing through it. Surfing through it.

And they weren't the only ones who could shout. I could shout too; in fact, I was given nicknames for speaking too loudly. It was time to show off. What the hell was I even thinking? Even I didn't know.

'JAY BHAVANI!!!! JAY SHIVAJI!!!!! NAMAH PARVATI PATAYE!!!!!!!!

HAR HAR MAHADEV!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!'

I charged into those bastards. Ducked the first one's attacked, drew a cut on him as I dashed forward. I kept running and dodging their attacks while slashing them with the swords I held high. Blood flew like river on the street. It was getting difficult to run continuously while keeping myself in one piece. I came to rest at a moment. Took support of the swords in my hand. Never used them before, but it was fun using them. About fifteen or more were down.

I was panting heavily. My lungs were throbbing as if they were on fire. My heart was beating was too loudly and quickly. That's less exercise guy for ya. I was sweating badly. I needed water. My throat was dry. My hands were red, from their blood and swelling because of the metal grip of the swords. The rest of them were regrouping. They were circling around me. This was getting worse.

Time, 9:11pm. No police in sight. Actually, no one in sight other than these terrorists. At least they were, in my eyes. I tried to control my breath. They had successfully encircled me.

I was in the worst position possible. Even if they marched towards me slowly, they were going to get guaranteed hit or two on me. Moreover, I could barely tell who would attack me. They gave no opening to run through them.

I was just barely fending them off by pointing the swords towards them.

- Plan A: Run through them. Kick one in leg. Let him fall. Jump on him, then on the shoulders of others to get out.
- Plan B: Let them close in then swirl madly with the swords directed outwards.
- Plan C: Expect them to fight honorably in one versus one.

Okay, plan C is total failure, not possible even in dreams. Even you guys know that. I can jump high enough but to make him fall as per my need, difficult. So, plan A was out of option for now.

Which left me to the most terrifying plan, plan B. Those eyes full of anger and hatred towards were closing in. 1 VS 30 unjust. Very unjust. Two men came forward. They swung their swords at me with full strength. I barely held my ground against them. I saw one them 's eyes directed behind me. This was bad news. I jumped to my right at full speed but got the hit in the shoulder. The man behind me had taken a shot at my head. He missed because I moved at the last second.

Still the impact broke my shoulder. I dropped the sword from my left hand. The only good thing about this was that I am right-handed.

Once I got my balance back, I cut these 3 people. My cuts were shallow because I expected their heads to fly off but they were still attached to the body.

Someone slashed my back. Ouch! That hurts. I don't swear. But if I did, then there was a whole list of things I would have liked to shout.

Tears welt up in my eyes. This happened when I was damaged, not emotionally but physically. This was bad. I wasn't able to see in front of me.

I can't die. Not yet at least. I hadn't even confessed to any of my 4 crushes yet. How am I supposed to die before that. Hehe, stupid reason. Guess the brain don't work well in these kind of situations. Not telling the names.

My body felt heavy. My internals were on fire. And I was intaking lava instead of air or that's what my lungs felt. I held the sword with both the arms. Ouch! The left one still ached. The pain flared in the shoulder. My nose started running. Uhh! Sinus, how much I hate it. Now that my body temperature was high, sinus caused nosy to flow. I couldn't be bothered by it now.

I started spinning at high speed like a top and advanced towards the circle imprisoning me. Those scaredy cats began retreating. Many stumbled and fell. I danced on them; literally. Normally, it was bad to even go over once 's foot. But now I was stepping, dancing, jumping on them. Specially aiming for genitals, abdomen, ribs and face. Neck was the most effective but risky, I could trip as well. Now they were the one to shout. Any normal person would think that I am the bad doer. This was a disgraceful way to hunt/ hurt enemy. But believe me, I am a cold-blooded freak who is shameless as well. I laughed as I danced on them. 85 kilograms of weight on 243-centimeter square area. Just think of the pressure those guys must be experiencing. Quite comparable to students in Kota. 2065.5 pascal pressure. *Physics*! Hahaha.

Bonk! I got hit. I got hit. I was hit at the side of my head. The world was spinning in the first place, now it was dimming as well. My vision blurred.

I lost my footing. I slumped onto the bodies of people I killed or damaged gravely. They started towering over me. Damn it. Damn them.

Only 10 were left. I killed the rest 40 people. Will I go to jail if I survived or does this count as self-defense. Who knows? I felt that everything was coming to an end. No more pain. No more suffering. Just peace. Those people could do whatever they wanted. I did as much as I could. Lost too much blood. I couldn't get Sharma's girlfriend's face reveal. Whoops! Shouldn't have spoken that. Damn this monkey brain, thinking till the very end.

'Yuvraj! Yuvraj! I am here.'

Huh! I just thought someone was calling me. I muster up strength to open my eyes. Oh! It was Omdutt. How are you doing buddy. The words never left my throat.

Wait this is cheating. He had an Indian mace with him. Plated in gold. No fair. I want one too.

'I-I w-want one too.' Words reached him or not I don't know.

"I thought you like kusarigama or trident more than mace."

True. I liked them but mace was my third favorite. Wait, how does he know I like these weapons. We haven't met in past 2 years. Well, it doesn't matter. I am going to sleep. I am sleepy.

"Hey! Don't sleep. Get up."

I managed to get up somehow. My arms and legs were trembling. Basically limbs. Hehe, still spiting nonsense. There was so much blood around here. Blood is red. Many colorblind people can see well in dark, instead can't differentiate between red and green. So, this place was same as a grassy ground to those people. Again, what the hell am I thinking.

"Jai Shree Ram" Om said, audible only to me.

I wasn’t going silent now. Lungs, sorry, no hard feelings, right?

‘JAI SHREE RAM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!’

The rest 10 were already backing off. They couldn’t handle one now there were two of us.

‘Where are you running? You impotent illicit fool.’

I ran behind him. My motion was sloppy as hell. Still handled the 5 of them. Om took care of the other 5 using his mace. I looked here and there. No one was left, perfect.

‘’’’’’Jai Shree Ram’’’’’’ ‘’’’’’Jai Jai Shree Ram’’’’’’

Good reinforcements were coming. Sirens could be heard too. My work was done here. Thanks Om. I turned to look for him. All the exhaustion caught up to me. I lost consciousness. At least the procession was saved.

Afterword

I still was unable to see the tableaus. I was given bedrest and an arm pouch sling. Guess, the shoulder was dislocated. It was a very hard time explaining all that too parents. Then the officers came.

I explained them everything. They said only I was at the spot besides that mob. Where could have Om wandered to?

The procession was carried in the best grand way.

The officers came again after a few days. They said Omdutt was not there on that day. He said he was at his home. Even the lucky alive terrorists said that I was the sole monster present there.

Well, that was surprising. Was I hallucinating or someone else was there?

What can I say other than Jai Shree Ram